

Washington Gossip

Interesting Bits of News Picked Up
Here and There at the National Capital

MUCH TRAVELING DONE BY MEMBERS OF THE CABINET

WASHINGTON.—During the summer months just closed the nine members of President Roosevelt's cabinet have spent more than 600 days away from their desks, and their vacation journeys and business trips have covered thousands of miles over land and sea.

Of the nine, Secretary of War Taft is the greatest traveler. Already he has been away from his department more than 80 days, and, as he now is on his way around the world, he has traveled, including his vacation journeying and his official trip of the present, something like 10,000 miles, with much more yet to come.

Next to Secretary Taft, Secretary of State Root remained from the capital longer than any other official, and, including his trip to Mexico, he will have been away so long that it will be hopeless for any other cabinet officer to attempt to equal his record.

Until Secretary Taft returns, Secretary Straus will hold the palm for



long over-seas journeying. Leaving Washington on June 29, he went first to Montreal, on one of the longest inspection tours ever undertaken by a cabinet officer. He visited immigration stations along the Canadian line from Montreal to Winnipeg and Vancouver, going thence to Seattle and San Francisco and sailing from that port on July 25 for Honolulu, where he arrived on July 31. On his return he visited the Yellowstone National park, but this part of the trip was entirely one of pleasure, and was at the secretary's personal expense.

On this trip he was accompanied by his wife, son, daughter and private secretary, only Secretary Straus' own expenses, of course, being borne by the government. It is estimated at the department of commerce and labor that Secretary Straus' trip cost the government not more than \$1,800. And it is claimed for it that it was of immense business benefit to the department.

SOME MEMBERS ABSENT ON GOVERNMENT BUSINESS



SECRETARY WILSON is another of the cabinet to have put in some strenuous traveling while inspecting conditions in his department in the west. He looked into the big timber reserves, and Secretary Garfield investigated while absent the public lands, Indian questions, etc., forming an important part of the work of the interior department. He spent only two weeks' actual vacation at his home in Ohio.

The vacations of the other cabinet officers were entirely for recuperative purposes. Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou spent the summer on his farm on Long Island, near the president's home at Oyster Bay, and only an hour's ride from New York. Hence he was able to keep in close touch with the financial situation, and his actual presence here was not essential.

Secretary of the Navy Metcalf went to California, his home state, and

STATESMEN TAKE UP THE ROLLER SKATING IDEA

ASSISTANT CHIEF CLERK THOMSON, progenitor of the scheme for having postal employees skate to work, undertook to demonstrate the other day and arrived at his office much confused and concussed. In rounding a curve on Pennsylvania avenue he hit a "thank you, marm," and smote the asphalt with his nose. During the afternoon he was disposed to bark at folks who came in to ask him questions about the roller skate procession.

His ideas, however, will be taken up in higher circles. A well defined movement among leading statesmen is said to be under way for having senators and representatives skate to the capitol when the session begins. A large number of them have been desirous of skating to work for a long time, but each has hung back for fear of being thought singular. Now a considerable number have agreed to start the skating movement simultaneously, and a general movement on the capitol is announced for the first Monday in December.



PENSION ROLL OF THE GOVERNMENT ON DECLINE

THE loss to the government pension roll, during the fiscal year 1907, by the death of civil war veterans, was \$1,207, leaving the names of 644,338 survivors of that war on the roll June 30, 1907. During the year 1,993 more soldiers of the civil war died than during the preceding year.

The total number of pensions on the roll at the end of the fiscal year just ended was 967,371. The net loss to the roll for the year was 18,600, which was the greatest net loss for any year since Uncle Sam began to pension his soldiers. The present fiscal year began with the smallest number of pensioners remaining on the roll since 1893.

The amount disbursed for pensions during the year was \$138,155,412.46. This money was paid to the pensioners from 18 agencies throughout the country, the largest amount being paid from the agency at Topeka, Kan., which includes Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and

New Mexico. The amount paid from Topeka was \$15,807,638.24, and the number of pensioners on the roll at that agency was 111,508, or 2,089 less than June 30, 1906. Missouri, at the end of the year had 49,335 pensioners, who received \$6,990,729.74.

These figures and facts are contained in the annual report of Pension Commissioner Warner. The report shows that the pension roll reached the high-water mark January 30, 1905.

An analysis of the pension roll on June 30, 1907, shows the interesting fact that there were at that time three daughters of soldiers of the revolutionary war still drawing pensions.

The names of 558 widows of the war of 1812 remained on the roll at the close of the last fiscal year.

If there were no deaths during the present fiscal year it would require \$140,850,880 to pay Uncle Sam's pensioners. The average annual value of each pension is \$145.60, this being an increase of \$7.42 over last year.

Weird City in the Sands

By Mrs. Washington Matthews

Wife of U. S. Major Tells of Her Visit to a Strange Indian City—Fields of Corn with Pink, Blue and Green Ears—Hideous Albinos Found Among Inhabitants—A Brown City Built in Tiers—Fascinating Indian Girls—Eagles Kept for Feather Supply—Vacinating a Whole City.

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Twenty years ago Zuni was almost unknown except to the rare traveler or to the Catholic priest, who once or twice a year visited the pueblo and christened a score or more of dark-skinned infants, whose parents prized the Spanish name then bestowed upon each child, but knew nothing of any other meaning to the ceremony. It was therefore an unexpected pleasure to the writer when good fortune gave her the opportunity of seeing this famous but little known spot.

An epidemic of smallpox had raged for some time among the Indians of New Mexico. The mortality was enormous, as they were wholly unprotected, and most unhygienic in their mode of life. It occurred to the post surgeon that as Zuni was as yet untouched here was his chance to do a benevolent deed. He laid in a supply of vaccine virus, obtained a short leave of absence and invited a few congenial spirits to accompany him on his journey and take a glance at an Indian city.

Zuni is about 45 miles from Fort Wingate. The road runs over hill and through dale, over heights wooded with pinon, juniper and magnificent pines and through glades whose only verdure is wiry grass and low bushes of a dull green—an odd and picturesque landscape. Our party consisted of the surgeon and his wife, a young girl, a lieutenant of infantry and his wife and our most important and indispensable companion, Frank Hamilton Cushing, without whose knowledge, tact and intimacy with the Indians we would have had a commonplace visit instead of a most interesting one. Mr. Cushing was then a youth of 22 years; he had been living for some time in Zuni as an Indian among Indians. He wore their dress, spoke their language fluently and had wound his way into their inmost hearts by his desire to know their traditions, by his deep interest in their myths and by his power of interesting them in the strange things which he in turn could tell of his own people.

As we started one bright summer morning in an ambulance drawn by four mules Mr. Cushing rode gayly beside us on a diminutive pony which he managed like a consummate horseman. When he walked, as he did sometimes to ease his horse, his movements were full of elastic grace. It was due to his Indian training that he leaped so lightly from rock to rock in the deep canyons or sprang so alertly up the mountain sides, never out of breath or showing the least sign of exertion, ever ready to point out the beauty that encompassed us.

The road was rough, and the clumsy old ambulance was not a bed of down, so we were glad at luncheon time to stop beside an adobe house at Nutria. This was used by some of the Zunis as a summer home, where they lived while planting and raising their corn. This corn is amazing to the American accustomed to great stalks six feet or more in height. It grows about two feet high and often bears ears of beautiful colors, pink, purple, blue, green and dark red, highly prized by the Indians who, liking the gay tints, never minds that his bread is of every hue. Moreover, he has religious uses for the particolor corn. This dwarf variety by deep planting requires no irrigation, but draws its needed water in some mysterious way from the arid soil.

We found seven or eight men and one woman in the house when we accepted Mr. Cushing's invitation to enter. They gazed at us long and curiously, asking Mr. Cushing, whom they called Tenatsall (the medicine flower), innumerable questions about us all. Finally the woman, who, unlike the usually small and gentle Zuni maiden, was a huge, masculine-looking creature, rose from her seat and with every appearance of intense anger and outraged dignity left the room, flinging her scanty skirts in disdain as she passed us.

Mr. Cushing told us that our young girl had unwittingly roused her jealousy; for all the Indian men present were telling Mr. Cushing how they would like just such a pink-cheeked, yellow-haired maid for a wife. This Indian woman, in spite of her curiosity to know more about us, never returned to take another look; her feelings had been too deeply outraged to forgive us easily. We knew her better later on and became quite friendly with her.

There were at that time five Albinos in Zuni, the most revolting and hideous beings I have ever seen. They were as white as lepers, their hair was a light straw color, their pink eyes were half closed on account of the dazzling sunlight. To protect their weak eyes from the glare they wore their hair over their faces. This practice, with their extreme uncleanness of face and hands, combined to make them even uglier than nature intended. It was probably because these uncanny creatures are cherished by their fellow townsmen

that our blonde girl created such a sensation among the Zuni men that they even followed us for a time on their ponies to get a last glimpse of their charmer.

On account of the roughness of the roads we decided to spend the night at Pescado, which consists of several houses built of stone and plastered with mud, inhabited only when the Zuni is cultivating his fields. The place was deserted when we alighted from the ambulance. After eating our evening meal, uncheered by even a cup of tea, we spread our blankets on the floors of two large rooms, the gentlemen using the outer one to protect us if necessary. Alas! They could not guard us from the hosts of crawling marauders which made night so comfortless that we were glad to resume the journey at day-break.

Zuni came at last into view, so unobtrusive and brown we hardly knew that it was there. The houses are so close together and piled so high that the effect is of a natural mound. The brown background served as a fitting setting to the gay blankets of the Indian weavers, who, full of excitement at seeing us in Mr. Cushing's company, crowded around the ambulance to inspect us, our clothes commanding the women's deepest interest. We were shown into the house of the cleanest woman of the pueblo, who vacated it in our favor. She thought herself well paid when upon our departure she received for rent two silver dollars and two packages of needles. The rooms were low, but very pretty in color. The floors had been covered with a thick paste of some earthy substance, which glittered with specks of mica and was of a warm mauve hue. Upon this, while it was soft, the Indian housekeeper had drawn with a stick patterns in artistic waves and ridges. Our thick shoes, sad to tell, soon spoiled the pretty design, but the moccasin does not injure it, and it therefore lasts a long time.

Before we had time to look about us visitors began to pour in. All the women of Zuni are attractive, especially the young ones. They are slender and graceful, and wear a charming dress woven by themselves; it is always dark blue, embroidered in a broad band around the lower edge of light blue in a kind of Kensington stitch. They wear red sashes, and the effect of the costume is harmonious and pleasing to the eye. We named one little woman, Maggie Mitchell, after the popular actress. I never saw anything more graceful than her attitude as she piled us with endless questions. Singling out the almost as tiny southerner, our lieutenant's wife, she bounded to her side and with pretty gestures measured heights and compared one little foot with another, until, her vanity satisfied, she gave a joyous laugh and melted away into the crowd.

We had a large following when we went out to see the people at work. Everything is carried on out of doors. Pottery, made without a wheel, is painted and baked in the open air. The latter process is very odd; the great jars are set on the ground and over them is built a mound of dried cow manure, which looks like a beehive through whose openings one can see the glowing red of the pottery as it slowly bakes and reaches perfection. We saw the weaving of blankets, the making of silver ornaments, the grinding of corn, the kneading of bread and the feeding of the pet eagles, which are kept in cages built against the houses. Once a year the unfortunate birds' tail feathers are plucked to be worn on Zuni head-dresses.

We returned to our rooms for dinner, which we took by daylight. It was already dusk indoors because the little windows, made of squares of gypsum, admitted scant light, and we could not inspect our guests as closely as we wished. The most important one was Palowatiwa, governor of the pueblo, a handsome man of great dignity of mien, with a profile strikingly like that of Dante. Seated flat on the floor for dinner, we were in full view of a number of spectators, among whom was the governor's wife—a hard-faced, shrewish creature, whom we called Xantippe—a well-deserved name, for she scolded her husband in a high-pitched voice during the entire meal. Mr. Cushing interpreted all she said. The governor, like many Indians, hated pork. Having no cook with us, we had arranged to eat canned food, boiled ham, bread and cake, using a fire only to heat the soups or boil water for tea and coffee. We were relieved to find that the unhappy expression on Palowatiwa was due to no other serious cause than the fear of being obliged to eat ham for the sake of politeness. "Must I eat the accursed pig?" he asked. His manners were wonderfully good. Although he had never used a fork, he watched us closely and did the best he could with the unknown implement. His mind was evidently relieved when, dinner over, a council was called to determine when and where the vaccination should take place.

When we again went out to observe the odd human beehive we were visiting a sound from on high made us turn in surprise. Far above our heads, on the top of the seventh story of the city, stood an Indian silhouetted against the sky. In a most musical voice, in accents like those of a cathedral priest intoning the service, this muzzin of the desert told his people that a medicine man had come to protect them from the sad disease they knew so well. On the morrow they must come to the great square to be treated. I have

never, before nor since, listened to more beautiful intoning, nor looked upon anything more poetic than that draped figure so sharply defined against the background of the evening sky. After this we went to bed worried out and dreaming of Indian girls brushing their lovers' hair to show their affection, of jealous wives scolding majestic husbands, and of men who wanted to steal fair-haired girls.

We rose early next day and strolled through the narrow streets before the city was awake. Every door stood open, not a creature was stirring within, and we could see the natives, looking like chrysalises, as rolled in their blankets they lay on the floor apparently wherever sleep had overtaken them.

Later, attended by five great men of the pueblo, virtually the lawmakers of the place, we were shown the old mission church, now deserted. Like most buildings of this character, it was fine in form, a vision of beauty when seen by moonlight. We then went to the topmost story, still preceded by the dignified elders, and, mounting from ladder to ladder, reached the little room that was the apex of the city. From there we gazed enraptured at Toyalaní mountain, girt with a band of varied color. From its summit, it is said, Zuni women, no doubt as small and gentle as those of our own times, poured from great ollas boiling water on the heads of Spanish soldiers centuries ago. Turning to leave, I noticed a common white china plate imbedded in the adobe wall of the room. Mr. Cushing explained to us that one of the most important religious ceremonies the Indians observed occurred at the summer solstice. The day was carefully watched for by the elders, who knew that the time for it had come when they saw a beam of light fall on the plate at sunrise through a narrow opening opposite.

We left our lofty perch with regret, and spent the afternoon watching the vaccination, which proved a work of time. Many belated ones who thought, with Indian lethargy, that any time would do, pursued us on the morrow as the ambulance drove away, wildly gesticulating and pointing at their arms.

Swiftly passed the hours, and all too soon we turned away from Zuni—as it chanced, forever. Adieu, strange city of the desert, we ne'er shall see thee quite the same again. The sewing machine, the kerosene lamp, the chair and tables of civilization, have invaded thee and changed thy ancient ways! Three of the mirthful party who laughed those summer days away and found the hours too short have passed to the great beyond. The slender, graceful southerner went first, soon followed by her gallant husband, who fell at the head of his regiment on San Juan hill. Tenatsall, so full of life and hope, has left us, too. His spirit years since set out on the lonely trail to the shadow land of Zuni.

Hints for Burglars.
"Here is an interesting find," said Lecoq, the detective. "It is a burglar's notebook. Instructions for the burglarious young. Listen, and I'll read you some extracts."

He opened the little yellow book and read:
"To keep from sneezing, close eyes and open mouth and press upper lip till desire vanishes."
"Use turpentine to drill iron if it is hard."
"Put hard soap into cut when sawing off padlocks."

"Black the face when doing job, and carry soap and piece of mirror to wash off with; also carry towel."
"Put rubber washer on bottom of vise to make soundless."

"Carry vial of tincture of arnica for cuts and bruises."
"Try all chisels before using."

"Use electric lamp, never the old-fashioned oil lantern."
"To break window, cut with diamond, and then spread thick white lead on flannel and press from."

"Hold lamp always at arm's length when lit. Then, if it is shot at, you will not be hit."

No Object.
Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech; all the more because his reports from school were always so good. "Bobby," she said, plaintively, one day, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know 'sit up' is what you should say?" "Oh, well, mother," Bobby answered, hastily, "of course I have lots of grammar, but I don't like to waste it on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."—Harper's Weekly.

A Taste for Reading.
If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frowns upon one it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.—Sir John Herschel.

No Horseshoes.
Postmaster—Yes, stranger, the crowd of old fogies that loaf around the post office are bitterly opposed to the automobiles. They be afraid that in time they will displace the horse. Drummer—What of that?
Postmaster—What of it? Why, where are they going to get any horseshoes to play quoits when the hoas becomes extinct?

PICKED UP IN BUCKEYEDOM

NEWS CULLED ESPECIALLY FOR
OHIO READERS.

Happenings of Importance in Nearly
Every City and Town in the
State Chronicled.

Quashed the Summons for Rockefeller.

Findlay, O., Nov. 5.—Judge Duncan in common pleas court Monday quashed the summons served upon John D. Rockefeller in Cleveland last summer. His opinion is that Rockefeller represents a foreign corporation that is not doing business in Ohio, and that Rockefeller's visit to this state was a personal one and not for the transaction of any business. The motion to quash the summons served on the Solar Refining Co., of Lima, was overruled. Motion made by the Buckeye Pipe Line Co., the Ohio Oil Co. and the Standard Oil Co. to strike out certain allegations in the petition were overruled. The court denies an individual the right to bring quo warranto proceedings and says that can only be done by the attorney general or a prosecuting attorney in the supreme or circuit court.

Claim Injunction Has Been Violated.

Cincinnati, Nov. 5.—A violation of the injunction against the officers of the International Pressmen's union is alleged in a paper filed in the United States court here Monday by attorneys for the United Typothetae of America. On application of the Typothetae the federal court recently issued a permanent injunction forbidding the union officials from advising an eight-hour strike prior to January 1, 1908, or from recommending a strike for a closed shop at any time, or from paying strike benefits in connection with such strike. It is now charged that in the issuance of a circular to local organizations this injunction has been violated. Judge Thompson set November 12 for hearing the matter.

Coal Magnate Indicted for Rioting.

Columbus, O., Nov. 2.—N. L. C. Kachelmacher, president of the Columbus & Hocking Coal and Iron Co., was indicted by the grand jury at Athens, O., Friday on a charge of rioting as a result of a controversy over the possession of a coal mine at Buchtel, Athens county. On advice of attorneys, representatives of the Columbus & Hocking Coal and Iron Co. some time ago took possession of the property of the York Clay and Mining Co. and were arrested by the sheriff, on a charge of rioting. It was claimed that weapons were taken from several members of the Hocking Coal and Iron party, but there was no violence on either side.

A Leetonia Bank Shuts Up Shop.

Leetonia, O., Nov. 5.—The First national bank of this city failed to open its doors Monday. This notice was posted on the door: "Gone into voluntary liquidation." C. N. Schmick, of Cleveland, is president and W. H. Schmick, his brother, cashier. The bank has been in business 23 years. It was organized with a paid up capital of \$100,000. Officers say the institution is perfectly solvent and that all claims will be discharged. The bank lost business following the organization of a rival concern several months ago.

Fishing Season Is Extended.

Sandusky, O., Nov. 2.—The Ohio state fish and game commission in session here Friday extended the fishing season beyond the closing day, fixed by the statute as November 19. This action was taken upon request of fishermen along the Ohio shore of Lake Erie. In return for the concession made, fishermen must make special effort to secure spawn for the government hatcheries. No time was fixed for the closing of the season and this is taken to mean fishing will continue as long as the weather will permit.

A Collision of Trolley Cars.

Ashtabula, O., Nov. 2.—Two trolley cars collided here Friday and two persons were hurt, one perhaps fatally. A C. P. & A. Interurban and a city car came together on the curve at Center and Prospect streets. The Interurban car partly telescoped the city car. The city car motorist, F. E. Birmingham, was caught and it took ten minutes to get him out of the wreckage. His feet and legs were badly crushed. They may have to be amputated. A passenger named Parker, from Geneva, was badly cut by flying glass.

Ellis Reaffirms an Old Ruling.

Columbus, O., Nov. 2.—Banks not organized under the special trust company law cannot include the word "trust" as part of their title, according to an opinion given Friday by Attorney General Ellis to Secretary of State Thompson, in refusing to approve the articles of incorporation for the Shadyside Savings and Trust Co., at Shadyside, Belmont county, as submitted by the incorporators. This ruling was first made by the attorney general's department in 1904, and has been affirmed several times since.

Suicided by the Gas Route.

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—Charles L. Achard, Jr., secretary-treasurer of the Mentor Knitting Mills Co., committed suicide Thursday night at his home in East Cleveland. He was found Friday morning. He had breathed the fumes of gas during the night. Coroner Burke says Achard was the victim of melancholia, due to overwork. The principal phase of this mental disease was an overmastering fear that he would become insane. This fear, it is believed, led him to kill himself.

Accepts a \$5,000 Pastorale.

Springfield, O., Nov. 5.—Rev. Henry A. Atkins, pastor of the First Congregational church of Springfield, will accept a call to the First Congregational church of Atlanta, Ga., the largest organization of that denomination in the south. It will carry a salary of \$5,000.

Assault Caused Death.

Timon, O., Nov. 5.—John Zilba, a wealthy Syrian peddler, died Monday from the result of an alleged brutal attack made on him August 9 by Matthew McCarthy, who became angered at the persistence of Zilba in attempting to dispose of his wares.